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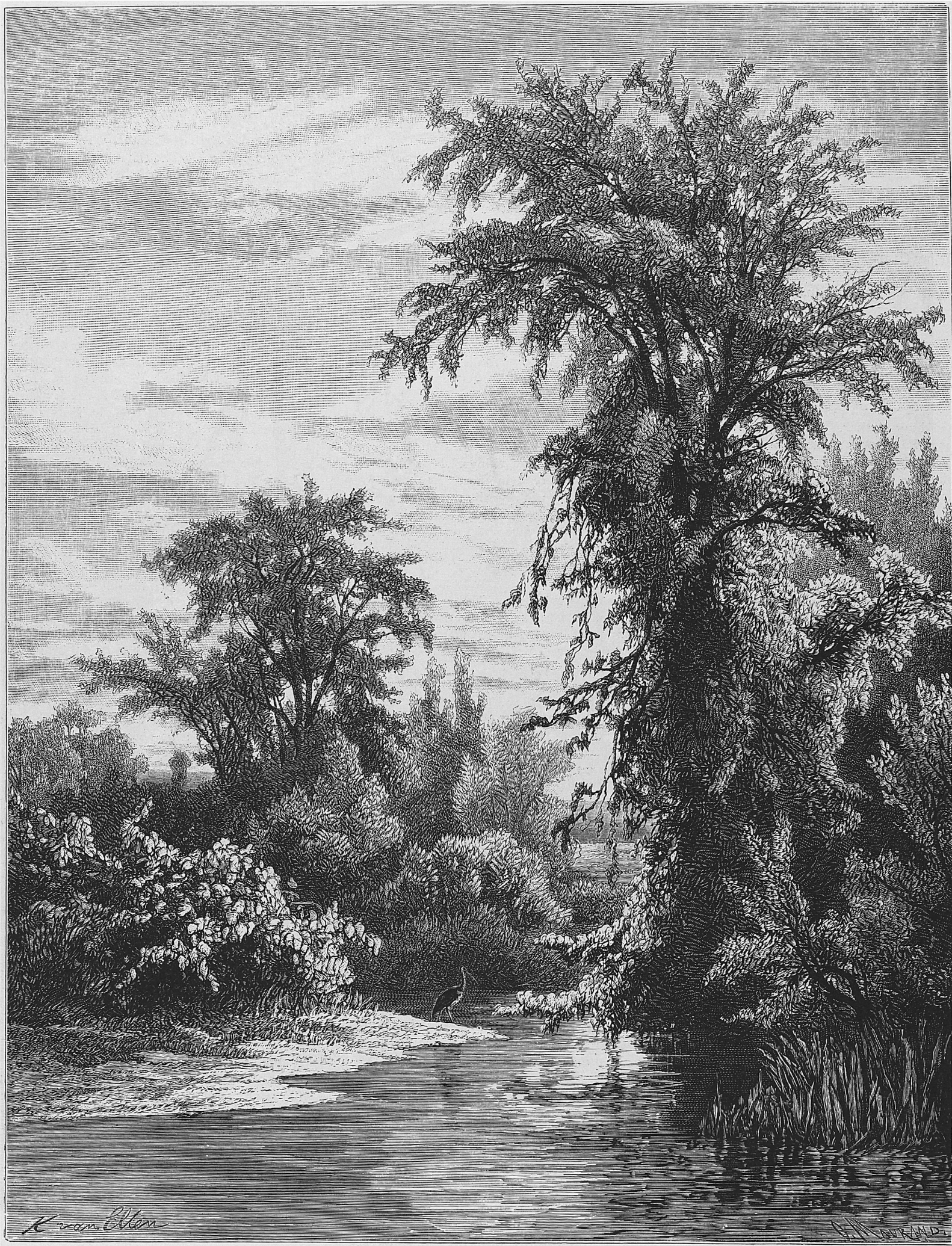
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SALMON BROOK. — KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.

SALMON BROOK.

NEW ENGLAND is checkered with sparkling brooks and clear rills, which, rising in some mountain spring, flow down hills, through flowering fields and marshy meadows, seeking the great streams leading to the ocean. In the town of Granby, Connecticut, west of the Connecticut River, near the Massachusetts line, is Salmon Brook, along whose banks our artist strolled when he came upon the lovely spot which he has so gracefully reproduced for the readers of *THE ALDINE*. A spur of well-rounded hills from the Berkshire Mountains gives the scenery in this part of Connecticut a picturesque appearance, and is the source of Salmon, as well as other brooks which empty into the Connecticut River.

By the edge of the water, in some reedy meadow,

nature, in these northern temperate zones, assumes a pleasing tropical aspect. The tall, graceful, drooping elm tree conceals its trunk beneath a cloak of green branches, the trail of its garments sweeping the water's brink. These trees, which give to New England scenery a beautiful characteristic, are of several varieties, differing in appearance as much as if they were of distinct species. The weeping elm of the picture is, to our mind, the most beautiful of all. The wild grape-vine appears to seek these trees as if by instinct, throwing its tendrils around them, often creeping to the topmost bough, swinging from the limbs like the long moss which gives such a hoary and fantastic beauty to the trees of the South.

"And the grape-vine, the Bernahgut,
Trailing o'er the elm-tree branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!"

FALLING LEAVES.

No season of the year is so full of magic beauty and Oriental splendor as the rich, nut-brown October; and none so forcibly calls to mind

"The tender grace of the day that is dead;"

for on every side the leaves of the forest and the flowers of the field are flushed with a preternatural glow which foreshadows an early departure for the tomb. The woodland glens, the brookside hollows, are all "valleys of unrest," as Poe has expressed it:

"In the midst of which all day,
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless —